25 Baker

ACTION WITH THE KICKTAIL KID—INSIDE

Every Friday. 10th November, 1978 10p

TV COMIC

Number 1404

Full Of Fun * Inside *

Pink Panther

...TOM * and JERRY!

BARNEY BEAR and *

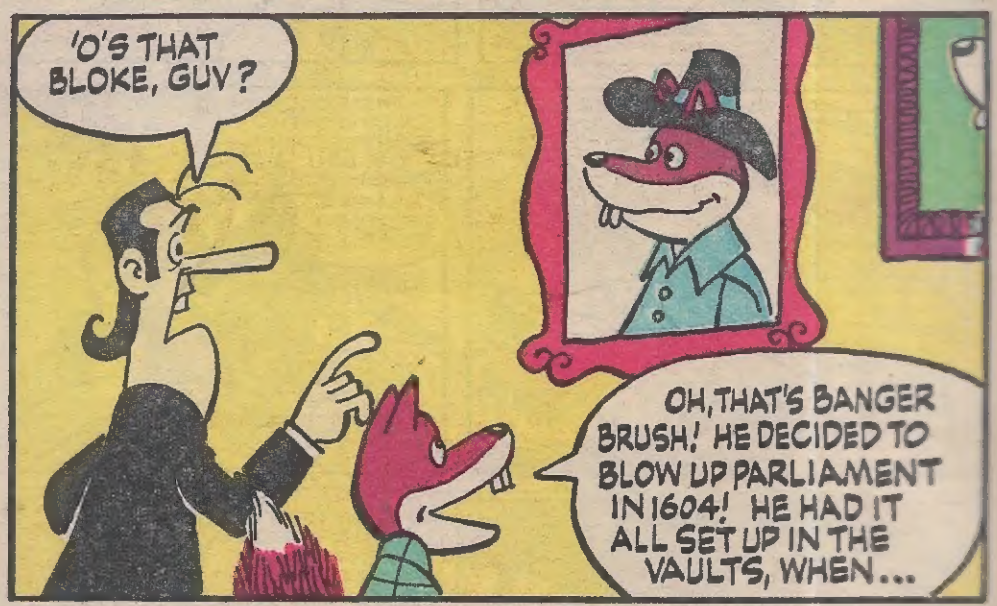
Mighty Moth!

Exciting Adventure With

Charlie's Angels

Please Remember The Firework Code. See Back Page.

BASIL BRUSH

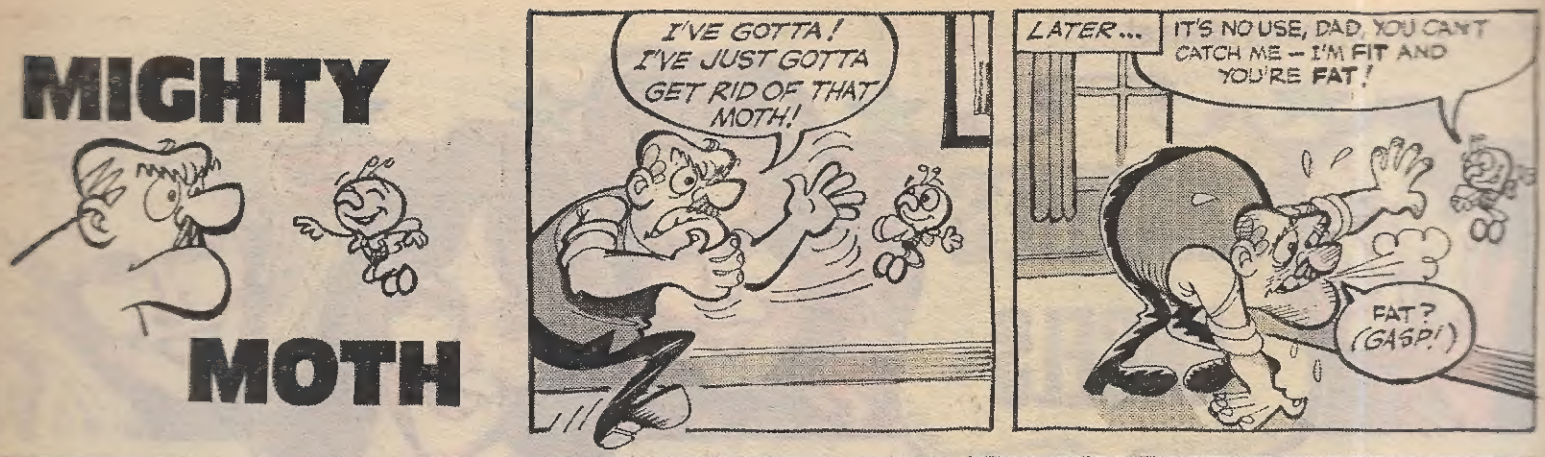


Continued on back page . . .

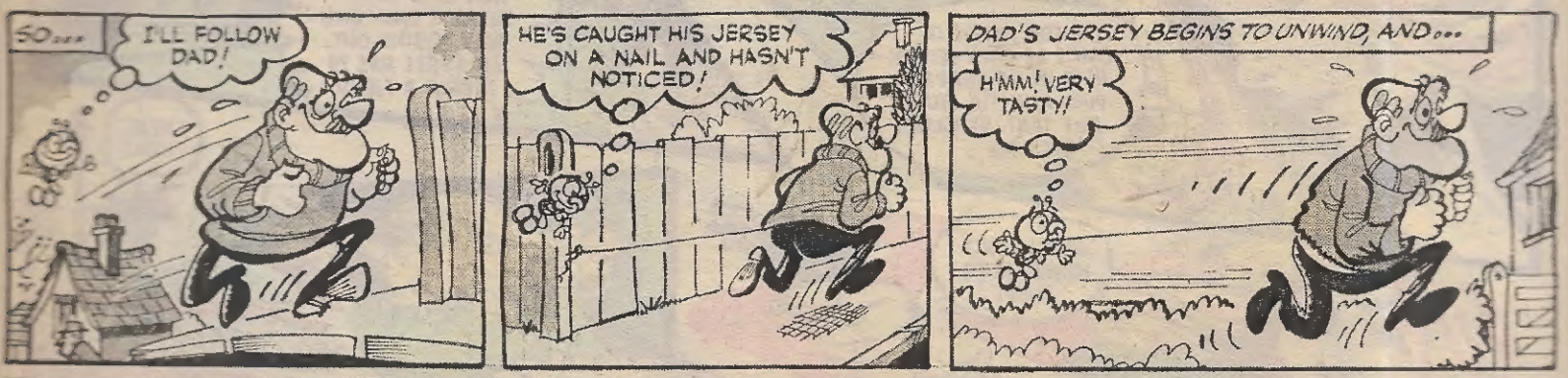
BUGS BUNNY Presents
'CAT-NAP'
♫ HOME, HOME ON THE RANGE! ♫
STRUM!
?
DO BE QUIET, RABBIT! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT THIS CAT IS ATTEMPTING TO HAVE A CAT-NAP? SHURRRUP!
RELAX, MY FELINE FRIEND! I'LL SING YOU A LULLABY! ♫ ROCK-A-BYE, MY BABY, ON THE TREETOP! ♫
NEEYAAGH! THAT'S WORSE!
I'LL HAVE TO ROCK THAT BUNNY TO SLEEP! PERHAPS THEN I SHALL BE ABLE TO PARTAKE OF SOME SLEEP MYSELF!
DONG!
THAT'S BETTER! PEACE AT LAST!
ZZZZ
WHERE THE DEER AND ♫ THE ANTELOPE PLAY-AY! ♫
YAAGH! THE BATTY BUNNY'S SINGING IN HIS SLEEP NOW!
STRUM
THERE'S ONLY ONE SOLUTION - THE BUNNY GOES IN THE BIN!
...WHERE SELDOM IS HEARD... ♫
♫ MUFFLED MELODIES! ♫
SIGH! NOW I CAN SETTLE DOWN FOR A PLEASANT FORTY WINKS!
YEEOW! WHO WISHES TO SLEEP WHEN THERE IS CANARY FODDER AROUND!
HWELP! IT'S THE PUTEY-TAT! HWELP!
TSK! I MUST HAVE DROPPED OFF! I'LL STRETCH MYSELF AND RISE FROM MY SLUMBERS!
HWELP!
HEH! HEH!
I SAY! HOW DID I LAND MYSELF IN HERE? YAWN!
TWITCH! TWITCH!
DONG!
NEEEYAAAR!
CWOO! THE PUTEY-TAT'S BEEN NIWEADED OFF!
COME, BIRDIE! IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN A LITTLE SINGING TO DISTURB OUR FELINE FRIEND NOW!
ONE... TWO... THREE- HWOME, HWOME ON THE WANGE! TWEE-HEE-HEE!

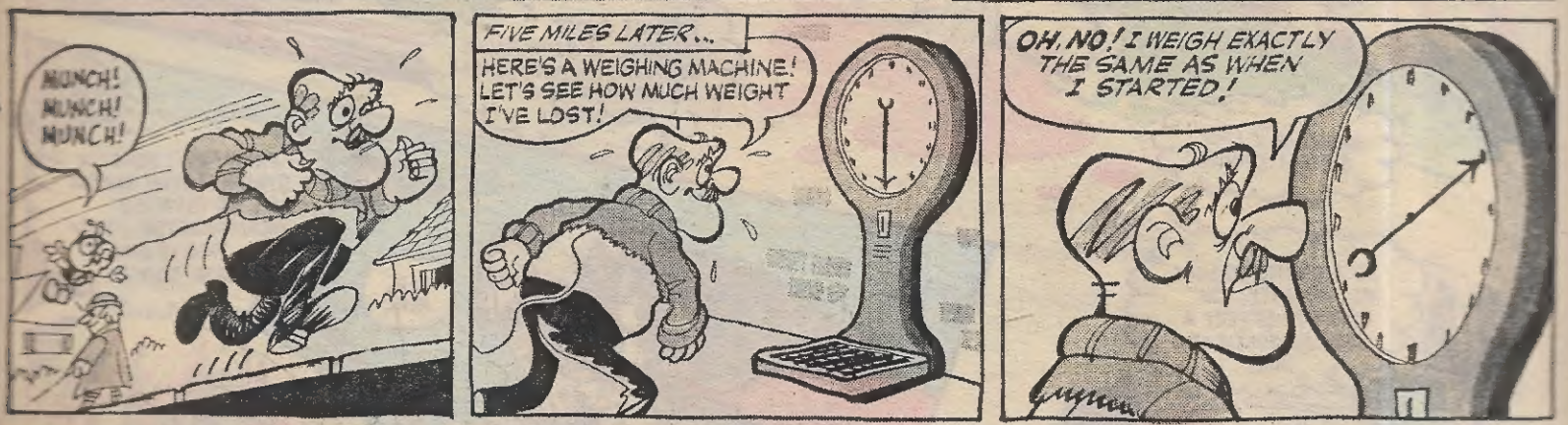
Copyright © 1978, Warner Bros. Inc. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

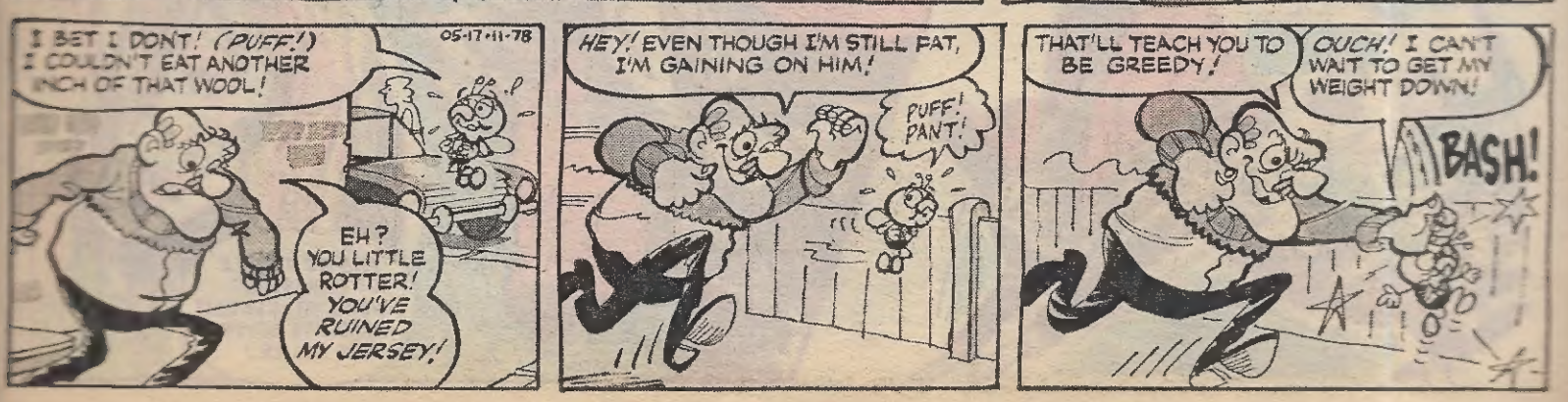
MIGHTY MOTH


I'VE GOTTA! I'VE JUST GOTTA GET RID OF THAT MOTH!
LATER...
IT'S NO USE, DAD, YOU CAN'T CATCH ME — I'M FIT AND YOU'RE FAT!
FAT? (GASP!)

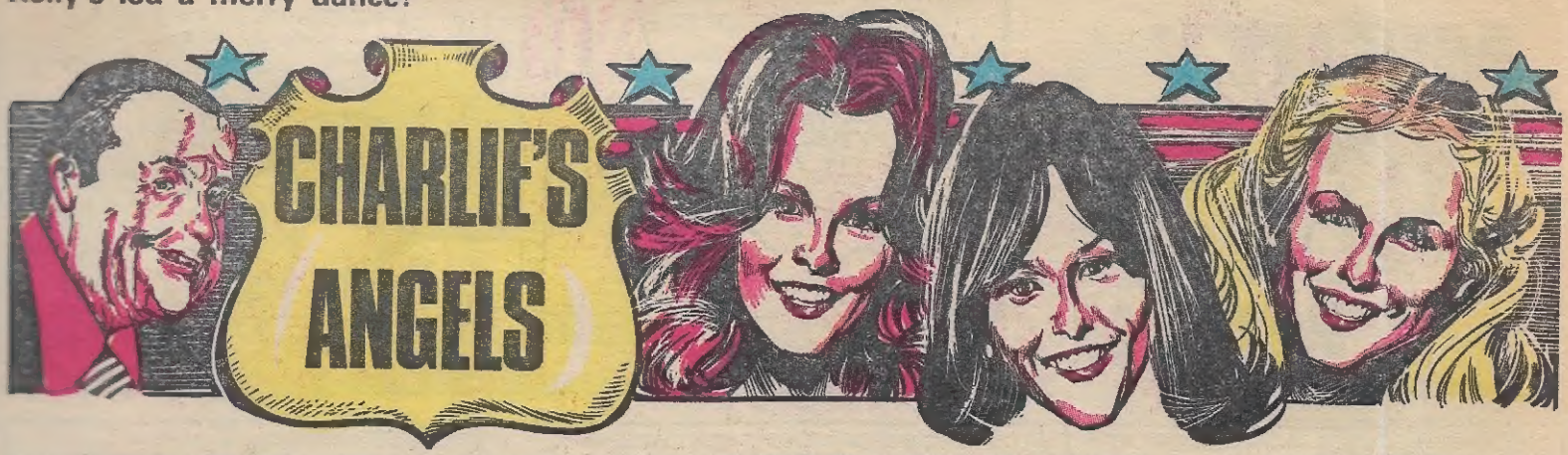
DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE CALLED ME, MA? FAT!
YES, AND HE'S RIGHT! IF YOU TOOK OFF SOME WEIGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO CATCH HIM!
LOOK, I'VE BOUGHT THIS THICK JERSEY FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT. YOU CAN HAVE IT EARLY...
A NICE LONG RUN IN THAT AND YOU'LL SWEAT OFF POUNDS!


SO...
I'LL FOLLOW DAD!
HE'S CAUGHT HIS JERSEY ON A NAIL AND HASN'T NOTICED!
DAD'S JERSEY BEGINS TO UNWIND, AND...
H'MM! VERY TASTY!


MUNCH! MUNCH! MUNCH!
FIVE MILES LATER...
HERE'S A WEIGHING MACHINE! LET'S SEE HOW MUCH WEIGHT I'VE LOST!
OH, NO! I WEIGH EXACTLY THE SAME AS WHEN I STARTED!


I BET I DON'T! (PUFF!) I COULDN'T EAT ANOTHER INCH OF THAT WOOL!
05-17-11-78
EH? YOU LITTLE ROTTER! YOU'VE RUINED MY JERSEY!
HEY! EVEN THOUGH I'M STILL FAT, I'M GAINING ON HIM!
PUFF! PANT!
THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO BE GREEDY!
OUCH! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET MY WEIGHT DOWN!
BASH!

Kelly's led a merry dance!



WHO SHOT AND WOUNDED GARY DENTON, STAR LEAD IN THE HOLLYWOOD THRILLER MOVIE, 'THE FIEND FROM THE FOG.'? CHARLIE'S ANGELS DISCOVER THAT AN EARLIER ATTACK WAS A PUBLICITY STUNT—BUT NOT THIS ONE. KELLY RETURNS TO THE VICTORIAN FILM SET AT NIGHT...

THE FOG FIEND! IT CAN'T BE GARY DENTON—HE'S IN NO SHAPE TO PULL ATHLETIC STUNTS LIKE THAT. HE HASN'T SEEN ME.

WHO IS IT—AND WHY IS HE HERE? THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT. AN ANGEL HAS TO TACKLE A FIEND.

HEH, HEH!

STOP! DON'T FORCE ME TO SHOOT!

I CAN'T SHOOT I'M SURE HE'S UNARMED SO WHO'S KIDDING WHOM NO WONDER HE'S CACKLING!

WOW! HE'S LIKE A STEEL SPRING!

PHEW! HE'S GOOD! A GYMNAST WHO SWIMS LIKE AN OLYMPIC CHAMPION TOO. KELLY GIRL, THIS IS ONE OF YOUR GOOFS!

HEH, HEH!

HE'S DIVING TO LOSE ME. CHARLIE, I'M GOING TO EXPECT A SPECIAL BONUS FOR THIS.

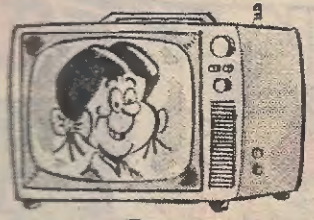
AND WE ANGELS KID OURSELVES WE'RE FIT. I'VE LOST HIM. I'VE NEVER FELT SILLIER!

© 1978 Spelling-Goldberg Productions. All Rights Reserved.

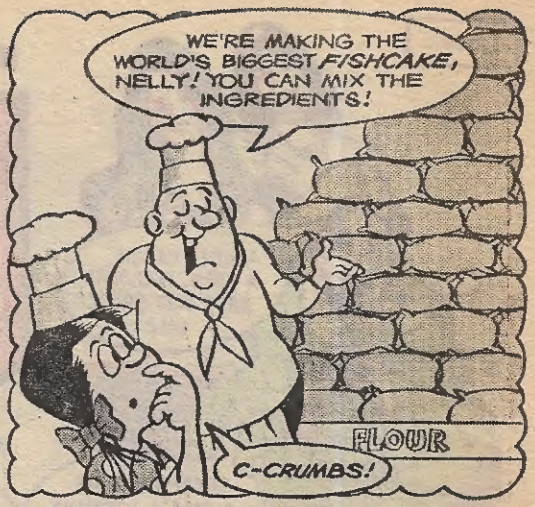
LATER...
YOU'LL CATCH A COLD. YOU STILL HAVE WET SHOES ON!
THESE COST ME A SMALL FORTUNE. THEY'LL BE RUINED LESS BY WEARING THEM TILL THEY DRY.
NEXT MORNING...
THEY STILL DON'T LOOK GOOD, KELLY!
IF YOU WERE A GENTLEMEN, BOSLEY, YOU'D POLISH THEM FOR ME. THEY'LL SHINE IN TIME. SIR WALTER RALEIGH YOU ARE DEFINITELY NOT!
FILMING STARTED...
WHAT'S WITH KELLY? SHE SEEMS TO BE LOOKING AT EVERYONE'S FEET.
IT'S THE SHOCK OF LOSING THE 'FIEND LAST NIGHT. A RUSH OF BRAINS TO HER BOOTS.
GOOD MORNING, MISTER 'FIEND'! MADE ANY GOOD DIVES LATELY? I BET YOU'RE A CRACK-SHOT MARKSMAN AS WELL!
WHAAT? I...I—
THE WHITE WATER-MARKS ON YOUR SHOES. YOU SHOULD HAVE CHANGED THEM NOT LET THEM DRY ON. NOW DO YOU TELL ME OR DO I PHONE THE POLICE?
OKAY— SO I WAS A FOOL. I WINGED GARY DENTON IN ORDER TO GET A PART AS HIS STAND-IN. I PRACTISED THE FIEND ROLE EVERY NIGHT WHEN THE STUDIOS WERE EMPTY.
YOU CRAZY LUNATIC! I- I'LL—
MR. ZIMMER, YOU'LL DO NOTHING, THOUGH IT WAS STUPID. BUT SO WAS YOUR PUBLICITY STUNT OF FAKING A 'STRANGLER' ATTACK EARLIER ON. I COULD REPORT THAT!
I ONLY 'NICKED' DENTON. NO DANGER I'M A CRACK-SHOT.
I DID IT. OUR YOUNG ATHLETE WILL BE USED AS A STUNTMAN. NO POLICE ACTION.
IT WAS BLACKMAIL. WHATEVER WILL CHARLIE SAY?
GARETH ST
NOTHING! I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF HE DOUBLES HIS FEE!

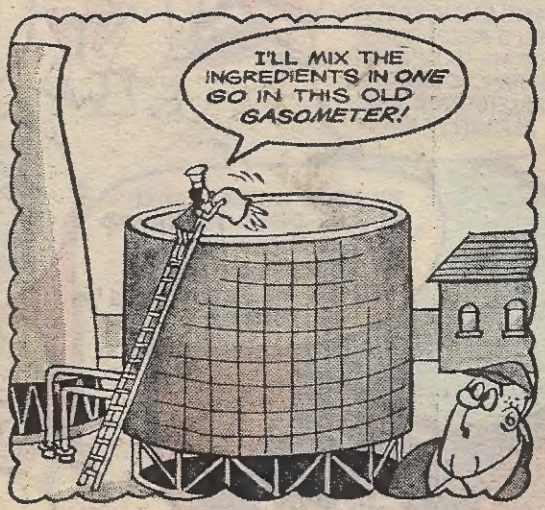
Next week: The Angels investigate a 'Mummy' mystery!

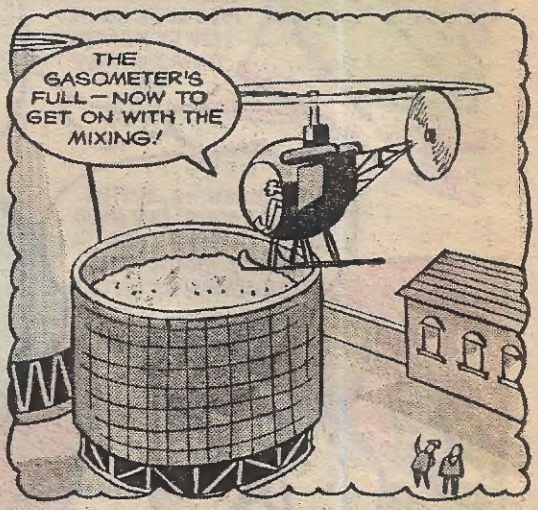
NELLY and her TELLY

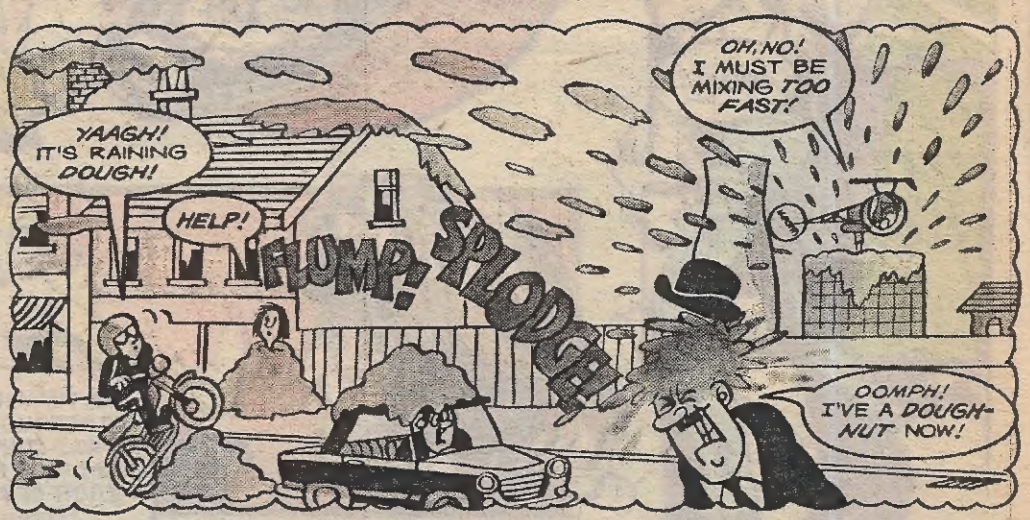


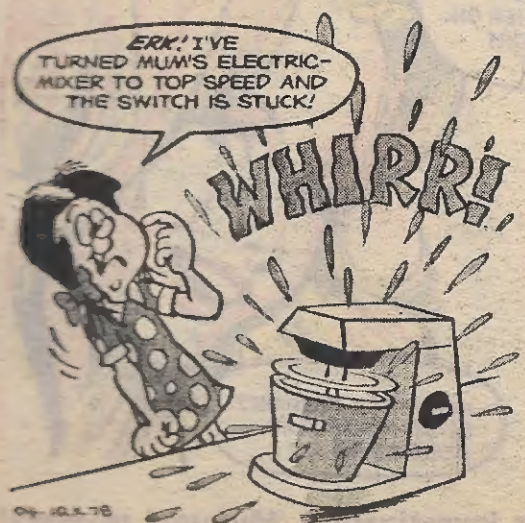
WELCOME TO 'LOOK AND COOK', VIEWERS...
COO! I'LL TRY SOME COOKING WHILE MUM'S OUT! I BET I'M AS GOOD AS HARRY HADDOCK, TV'S TOP COOK!
FLOUR

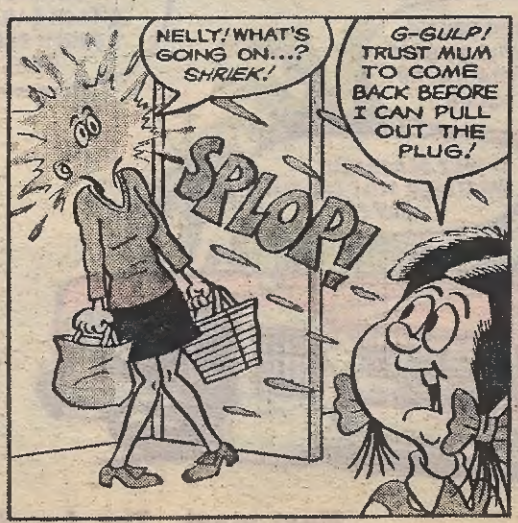


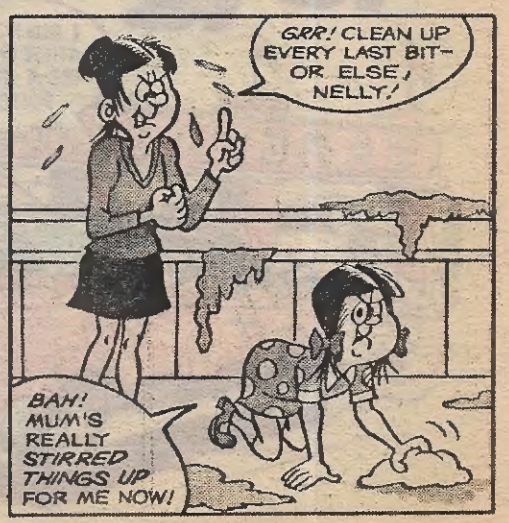












PINK PANTHER
I'VE BOUGHT A GRAND PIANO SO I CAN PRACTISE FOR MY CONCERT NEXT WEEK!
TINKL MUSIC SHOP
'COR! THOSE STAIRS! WHERE DO YOU WANT IT, GUV?
OVER HERE, PLEASE!
HMMM! IT'S A BIT CLUTTERED THERE! MAYBE IT'LL LOOK BETTER OVER THIS SIDE!
HOW'S THAT?
NO, IT'S NOT RIGHT! I THINK IT'LL HAVE TO GO IN THE DINING ROOM!
GASP!
PANT!
THERE! HOW'S THAT?
NO! IT LOOKS OUT OF PLACE!
WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF ALL THIS MOVING AROUND!
...SO IT CAN GO OUT OF THE WINDOW!
EEK! I'M ON THE FOURTH FLOOR! THERE'LL BE A TERRIBLE CRASH!
S'FUNNY! NOT A SOUND! I WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED?
WELL I NEVER!
NOT THE BEST PLACE TO PRACTISE, BUT IT'LL HAVE TO DO!
04-10-11-78

Don't be without these Winter Specials from TV COMIC!

YOUR REGULAR TV FAVOURITES GIVING LOTS OF 'SPECIAL' FUN...CAT AND MOUSE PRANKS WITH...***TOM & JERRY!*** SKI-HIGH FUN WITH... ***POPEYE!*** *PLUS* A REAL LIFT OFF WITH... ***BASIL BRUSH!***

On sale now! PRICE 35p EACH!

NABISCO

HELP RAISE £10,000 FOR SICK ANIMALS

says Johnny Morris

Pets needing free treatment are never turned away by, the Peoples Dispensary for Sick Animals, but it relies on voluntary donations. And right now, Shredded Wheat packets are worth money to the P.D.S.A.

By collecting the tokens on Shredded Wheat packets, you can help raise £10,000 for the P.D.S.A. and also have a chance to win one of 200 radio cassettes.

Collect Shredded Wheat packets and help

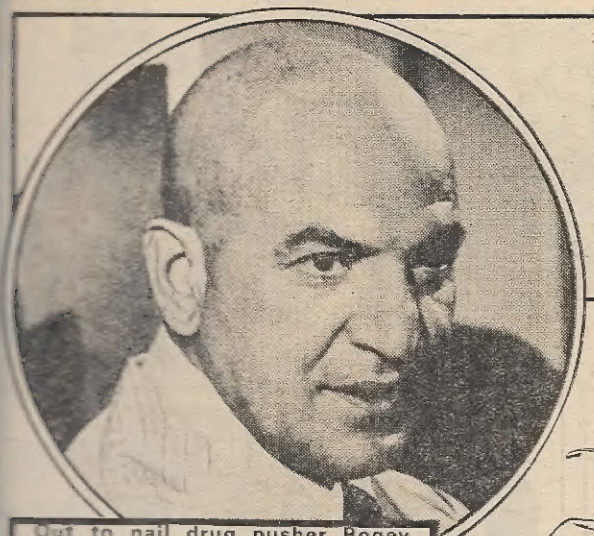
PROTECT OUR PETS

POPEYE
OUTTA MY WAY, DOPE!
WHEN YA SEE ME COMIN', JUST STEP ASIDE!
THERE GOES BRUTUS, PUSHING PEOPLE AROUND AS USUAL!
WHAT A PITY HE'S NEVER MET A NICE GIRL AND SETTLED DOWN!
HIM! ARE YOU KIDDIN'?
HE'D PROBABLY BE A WELL-MANNERED GENTLEMAN WITH THE RIGHT SORT OF WIFE!
HEY! YA MIGHT HAVE SOMETHIN' THERE, OLIVE!
YA HAS GIVEN ME AN IDEA!
MARRIAGE BUREAU
YES, SIR, WE HAVE SOME VERY NICE LADIES ON OUR LIST WHO ARE LOOKING FOR THE RIGHT MAN. LET ME TAKE SOME DETAILS ABOUT YOU!
IT AIN'T ME WHO'S LOOKIN' FOR A WIFE, IT'S MY FRIEND BRUTUS!
OH, I SEE!
SO...
WELL, FROM YOUR DESCRIPTION OF MR BRUTUS, I THINK WE HAVE THE IDEAL LADY. SHE LISTS HER HOBBIES AS EATING NAILS, BENDING IRON BARS AND TEARING TELEPHONE BOOKS IN HALF!
ASK HER TO CALL AT MY PLACE AND I'LL INTRODUCE HER TO BRUTUS!
AISLE
ALTAR
HYMN
NEXT DAY...
BRUTUS, I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE YA TO BERTHA!
HI, BRUTIE!
OUCH! YA CRUSHIN' MY HAND, YA STUPID DAME!
CRUNCH!
WHO ARE YOU CALLING A STUPID DAME?
CRRUMP!
04-10.11.78
THEY SEEM TO BE GETTING ON RATHER WELL!
WHAT YA MIGHT CALL 'LOVE AT FIRST FIGHT'! ARF! ARF!

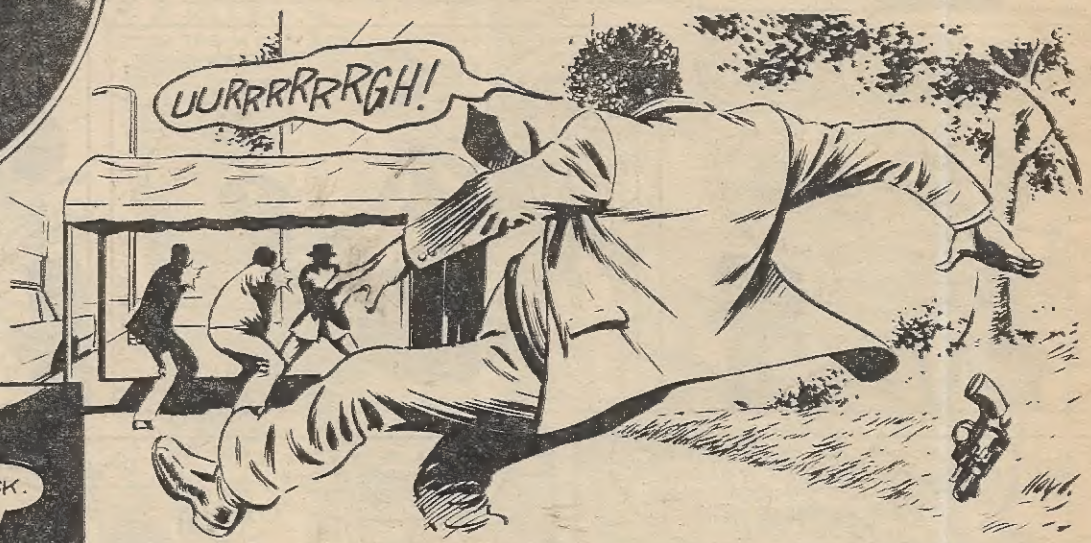
Stavros is in trouble!

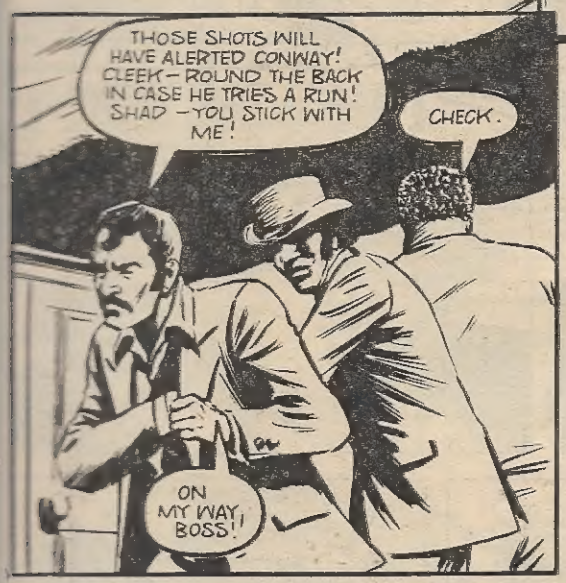
Kojak™*

* A Trademark of and licenced by Universal City Studios Inc.



Out to nail drug pusher Bogey McShane, Kojak searches for a known contact—and clues lead Stavros to a young photographer named Freddie Conway. But McShane and his heavies get there first—and when Stavros arrives . . .





WOUNDED IN THREE PLACES, STAVROS CRAWLS BACK INTO HIS CAR...

KOJAK AND CROCKER RACE OUT FOR THEIR CAR...

LUCKY HE AIN'T DEAD! TWO PATROLS ALREADY ON THE WAY TO GIVE ASSISTANCE...
THAT GREEK DOPE! HE'S SLOWER ON THE TRIGGER THAN MY DEAR OLD GRANDMOTHER!

© 1978 Universal City Studios Inc.

MEANWHILE, IN THE APARTMENT HOUSE...
GONE. THE FREAK'S CUT AND RUN...
AIN'T NO WAY HE'S GONNA GET PAST CLEEK, BOGEY.
YEAH? SO WHERE IS CLEEK...?
HOO-WEEEE! WE'D BETTER GO DOWN, BOSS!
FREEZE! YOU'RE GOING NO PLACE!
FUZZ!
FOOLISHLY, SHAD TAKES A CRAZY CHANCE!
BA-LAMM!!
NO! NNOOOO!
TRAINED TO KILL OR BE KILLED, THE COPS FIRE AGAIN!
BLAM!
BAMM!
DOWN AT THE FAR END OF THE REAR ALLEY LIES CLEEK... HEART IMPALED BY SIX INCHES OF COLD STEEL!
SOMEONE DID A SWIFT JOB!
IT HAD TO BE CONWAY. LONG-BLADED PRINT SISSORS!
LATER...
CREDIT SIDE! A REAL BAD NEST OF DRUG-PUSHERS WIPED OUT! DEBIT SIDE. A YOUNG MAN ON THE RUN. DESPERATE.
THAT'S RIGHT. SELF DEFENCE OR NOT, THEO- HE'LL HAVE TO BE APPREHENDED AND BROUGHT TO TRIAL!
I'VE ORDERED A RUN-DOWN ON ALL HIS KNOWN CONTACTS AND FRIENDS...
ONE THING BOTHERS ME. CONWAY WASN'T A USER. SO WHY WAS HE BUYING STUFF FROM McSHANE IN THE FIRST PLACE...? IT'S ONLY A HUNCH- BUT I SENSE BAD TROUBLE AHEAD!
04-10-11-78

Next week: Kojak's after the [illegible]

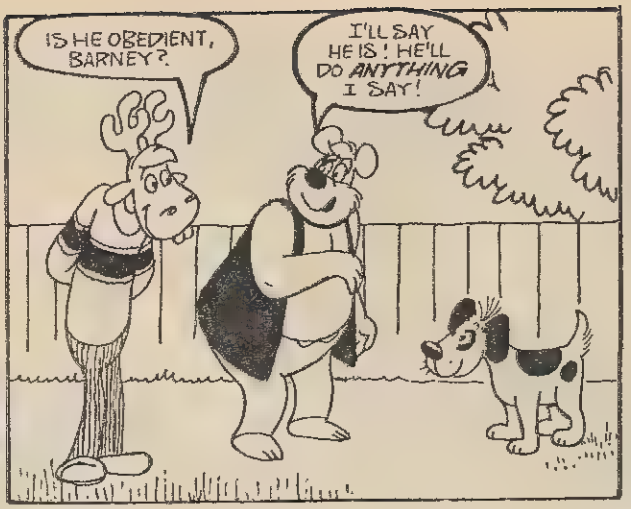
The Doctor's caught up in space!

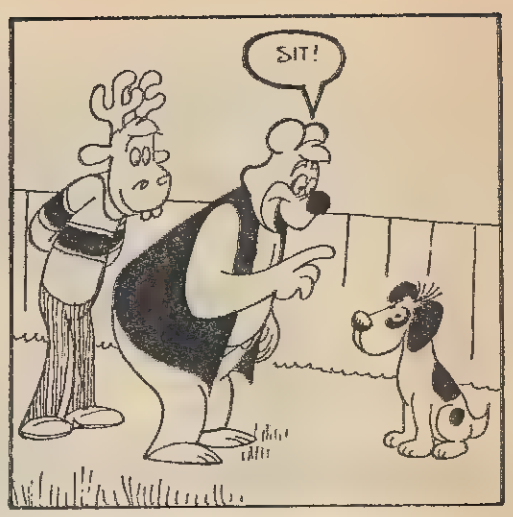
DR WHO
Having just concluded a perilous journey back to the Middle Ages, finally destroying the power of the usurper, Lord Beauvain and replacing his brother Lord Geoffrey to his rightful position as Lord of the Castle, the Doctor is now all set for another adventure . . .
PERHAPS THE TIME LORDS WILL FIND SOME LITTLE TASK FOR ME...
THEN...
GOOD GRIEF! HOLD ON TO YOUR HAT, DOCTOR! WE'RE ON THE MOVE!
BUT WHEN DAYS DRIFT INTO WEEKS..
SOMETHING TELLS ME I'VE BEEN MADE REDUNDANT BY THEM, TOO. I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS...
WHEN THE DOCTOR ATTEMPTS TO SWITCH HIS CO-ORDINATES FOR A PROMPT RETURN TO EARTH..
ALL JAMMED! SO WHAT CAN THAT MEAN? AM I BEING PUNISHED BY THE TIME LORDS FOR SOME REASON UNKNOWN TO ME? WHAT ON EARTH IS GOING ON?
ACROSS THE VAST EXPANSES OF BLACK SPACE TO THE WHIRLING SYSTEMS OF AN UNKNOWN GALAXY..
AND APPROACHING ONE OF ITS MYRIAD SUNS...
ARE WE CLOSE ENOUGH YET, MORUN?
YES, ALTO. THE READINGS WILL BE COMING THROUGH SHORTLY!
IN THE CONTROL CENTRE OF THE MASSIVE SPACE COMPLEX.
OUR TIME IS RUNNING OUT. THIS MUST BE THE ONE...
WE'LL SOON KNOW, BROTHER MORUN. I'M SWITCHING IN THE PREDICTOR NOW.
78

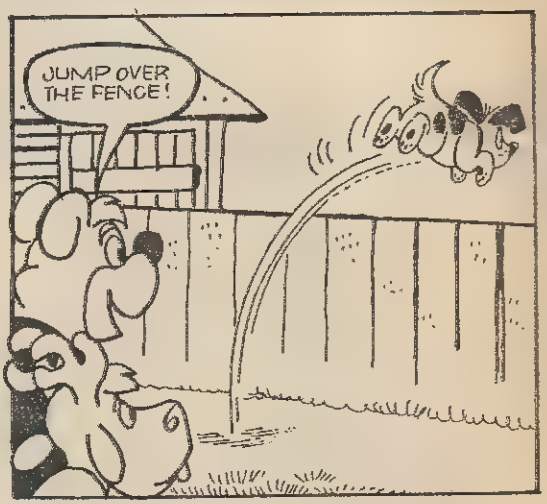
AND FROM THE SHIP'S ROBOT BRAIN .
ATMOSPHERE . OXYGEN CONTENT HIGH... RADIATION ... BELOW SAFETY FACTOR... VEGETATION DEVELOPMENT... GOOD... MINERAL RESOURCES... RICH... ANIMAL LIFE... WELL DEVELOPED... INTELLIGENT FORM...
PRIMITIVE AND HOSTILE!
ANOTHER FOUR LIGHT YEARS GO TO NOTHING! OR IS IT? SURELY SUCH SYMPATHY IS WASTED ON A BUNCH OF PRIMITIVES, ALTO?
WE PLEDGED NOT TO INTERFERE WITH ANY LIFE FORM HOWEVER PRIMITIVE, BROTHER.
THE REMAINDER OF A ONCE PROUD CREW OF TWENTY, ALTO. HOW CAN TWO ANCIENT RELICS LIKE OURSELVES BE EXPECTED TO
GO ON WE MUST, BROTHER WE PLEDGED TO PURSUE THAT FOR THE SAKE OF OUR RACE UNTIL THE END OF OUR DAYS
SUDDENLY..
UUUH!
MORUN?
SO .. MY END.. NEARS, TOO, A-ALTO...
NONSENSE, OLD FRIEND! YOU'VE WORKED TOO HARD OF LATE. A SHORT TERM IN THE CURE-LAB IS ALL YOU NEED!
NOT WITHOUT CONSIDERABLE EFFORT DOES ALTO GET HIS COMMANDING OFFICER TO THE SHIP'S MEDICAL CENTRE. ONCE THERE...
HE S WORN OUT THE PRED SAYS HE HAS ONL HOURS LEFT
TELL ME THE WORST BROTHER
YOU ARE MERELY TIRED AS I TOLD YOU. NOW REST...
DON'T LIE TO ME, ALTO. I HAVEN'T LONG... SO YOU MUST MAKE ME A PROMISE!
YOU MUST... RELEASE THEM! LET IT BE ... IN THEIR HANDS TO SAVE THEMSELVES, IF POSSIBLE!
NOT YET, BROTHER! I MUST AWAIT RESPONSE TO MY MESSAGE TO THE TIME LORDS!
THERE IS NO TIME FOR SUCH VAGUE HOPES. THE TIME LORDS COULD BE MYTHOLOGY. I COMMAND YOU TO OBEY ME ... AND RELEASE THEM!
I HAVE TO REFUSE, MORUN! BETTER WE ALL PERISH THAN DESTROY ANOTHER LIFE FORM!
04·10 11 78
BUT WHEN ALTO RETURNS TO THE LONELY CONTROL CENTRE, TO ONCE MORE TRANSMIT HIS DESPERATE REQUEST FOR HELP...
IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO ... I MUST SUCCEED!

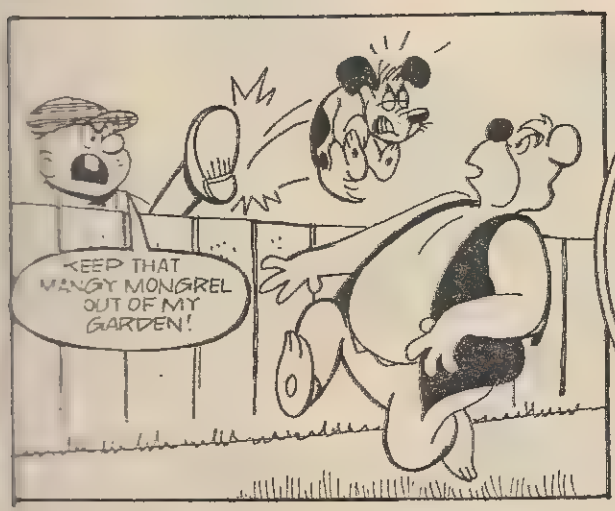
Next week: Morun's action brings misfortune

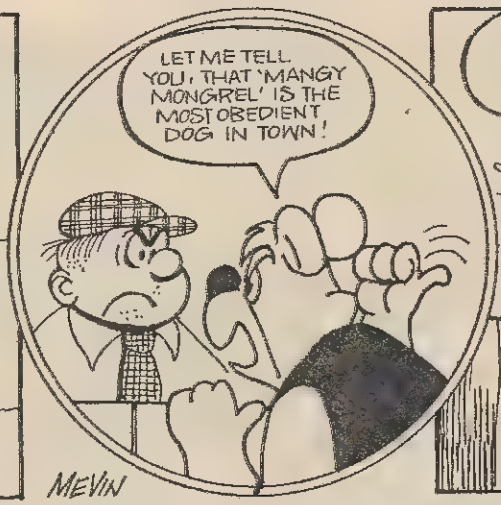
Barney Bear

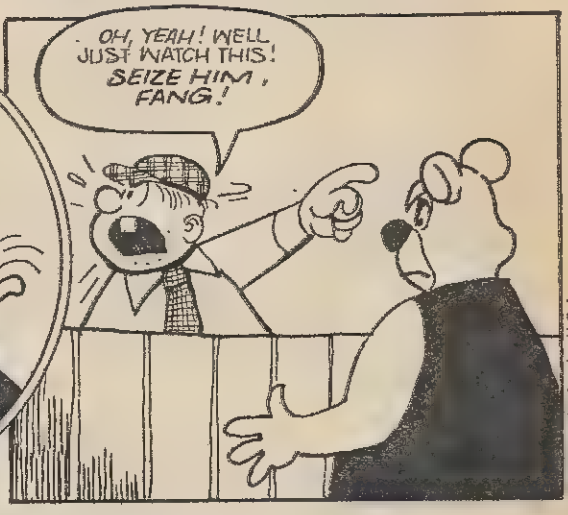




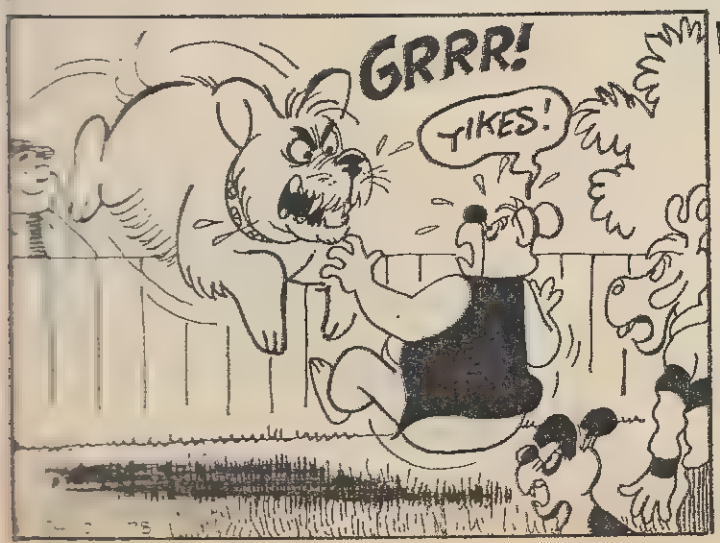


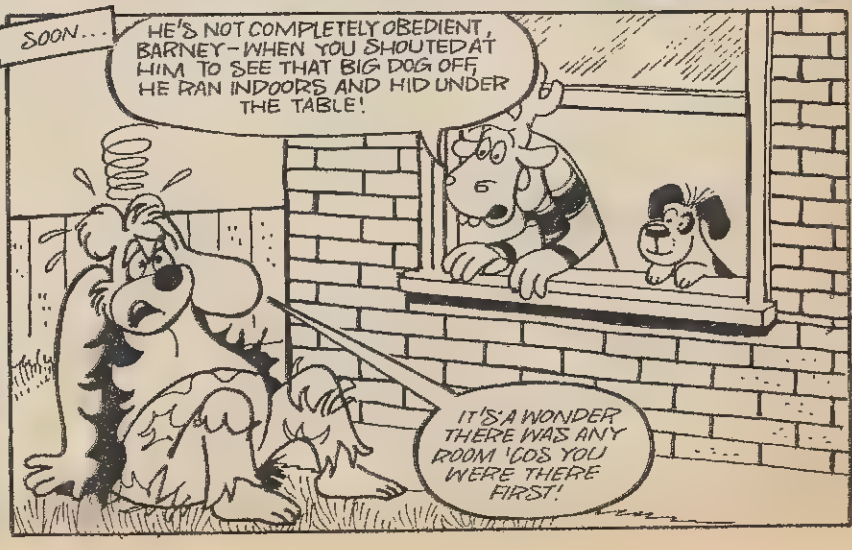






MEVIN




SOON...
HE'S NOT COMPLETELY OBEDIENT, BARNEY - WHEN YOU SHOUTED AT HIM TO SEE THAT BIG DOG OFF, HE RAN INDOORS AND HID UNDER THE TABLE!
IT'S A WONDER THERE WAS ANY ROOM 'COS YOU WERE THERE FIRST!

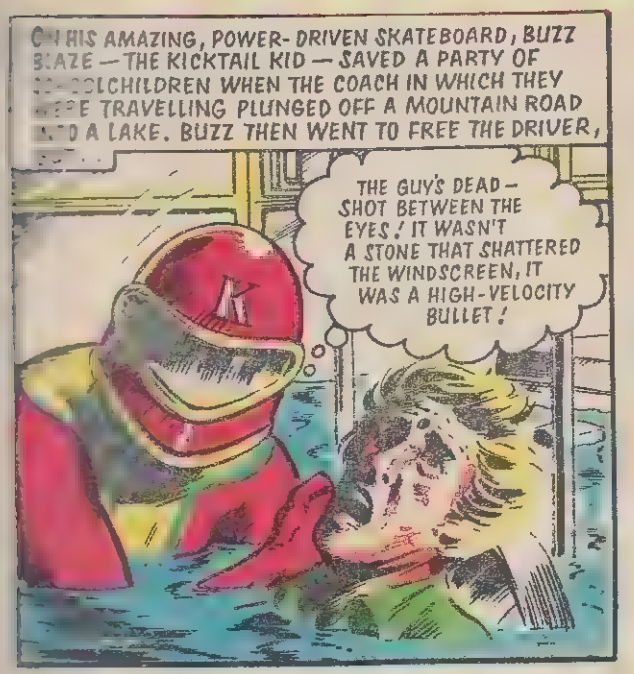
Copyright © 1938 by arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc. Copyright 2001 California, U.S.A.

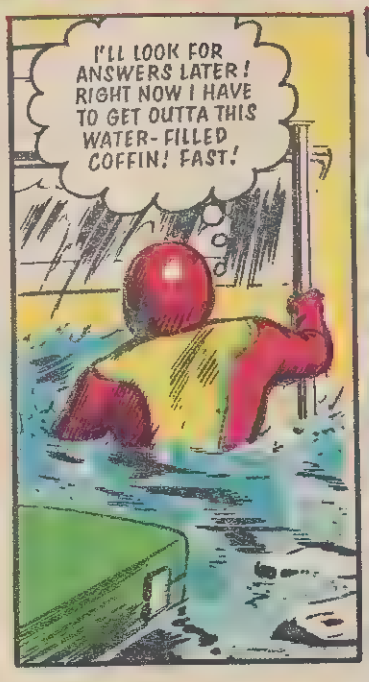
TOM and JERRY
TOM, BE A GOOD CAT AND TAKE THIS RUBBISH TO THE TRASH BIN!
SURE, MAID!
HOPE HE DOESN'T THROW ALL THAT AWAY-THERE MAY BE SOME CHEESE IN THAT RUBBISH!
AH! MORE TRASH!
GRAB!
EEK!
CLANG!!
PHEW! LUCKY THIS IS AN OLD RUSTY BIN WITH HOLES IN THE BOTTOM!
WELL, FOLKS WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE STORY SO FAR?
RUBBISH!
NEXT MOMENT..
SHRIEK!
TOM! I'VE LOST MY BRACELET- IT MUST HAVE DROPPED IN THE TRASH!
BETTER ACT FAST!
WOW! IT'S DUSTBIN DAY TOO! AND HERE THEY COME NOW!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, TOM I'VE FOUND IT!
HEE! HEE! YOU COULD SAY IT'S BIN GOODBYE TO BAD RUBBISH THIS WEEK FOLKS!
?

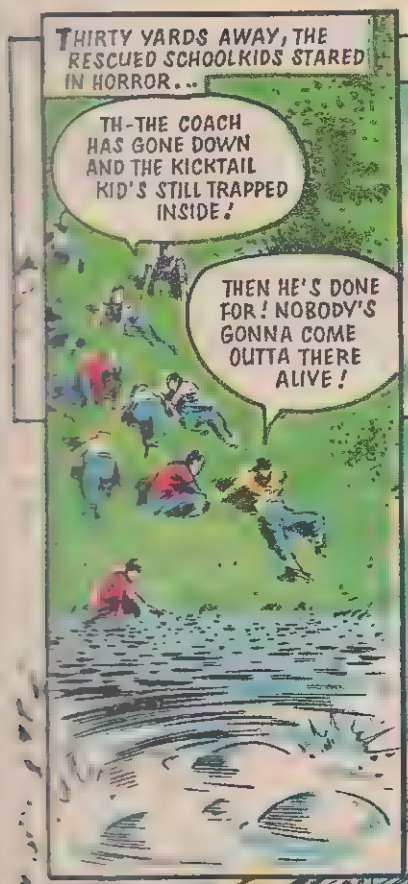
Copyright © 1976 by arrangement with Metro Goldwyn Mayer Inc., Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

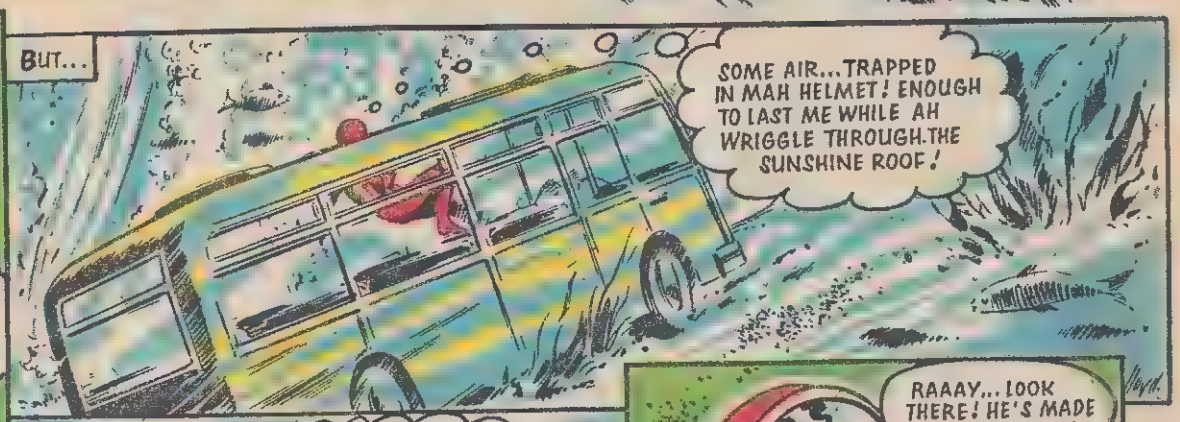
Underwater excitement this week!

The Kicktail Kid


ON HIS AMAZING, POWER-DRIVEN SKATEBOARD, BUZZ BLAZE — THE KICKTAIL KID — SAVED A PARTY OF SCHOOLCHILDREN WHEN THE COACH IN WHICH THEY WERE TRAVELLING PLUNGED OFF A MOUNTAIN ROAD AND A LAKE. BUZZ THEN WENT TO FREE THE DRIVER, BUT...
THE GUY'S DEAD — SHOT BETWEEN THE EYES! IT WASN'T A STONE THAT SHATTERED THE WINDSCREEN, IT WAS A HIGH-VELOCITY BULLET!




THIRTY YARDS AWAY, THE RESCUED SCHOOLKIDS STARED IN HORROR...
TH-THE COACH HAS GONE DOWN AND THE KICKTAIL KID'S STILL TRAPPED INSIDE!
THEN HE'S DONE FOR! NOBODY'S GONNA COME OUTTA THERE ALIVE!



KK, YOU'RE THE TOPS! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE DRIVER?
HE'D BEEN SHOT. THE POOR GUY WAS DEAD BEFORE THE COACH HIT THE WATER!
NOW GIMME SOME FACTS! WHERE ARE YOU KIDS HEADED? AIN'T THERE A TEACHER IN CHARGE OF YOUR PARTY?
NO, ALL OF US ARE ON OUR WAY BACK FROM SUMMER CAMP! WE'RE GONNA MEET OUR PARENTS IN RAPID CITY!
THEN IT DON'T MAKE SENSE! WHY IN TARNATION SHOULD SOMEBODY AMBUSH YO' COACH AN' KILL THE DRIVER?
I RECKON IT MUST HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT — A STRAY SHOT! THE BLACK HILLS ARE SWARMIN' WITH HUNTERS AT THIS TIME OF YEAR!
YEAH, THAT MAKES SENSE! YOU KIDS HAD BETTER STAY RIGHT HERE — AH'LL SKAT-CAT MAH WAY INTO RAPID CITY AN' CALL THE COPS! GET SOME HELP!
ANYTHIN' YOU SAY, KK!
LEAPING ON TO HIS BOARD, BUZZ HIT THE POWER-BUTTON, AND...
IT'S 'BOUT FIFTEEN MILES TO TOWN! WITH A CLEAR ROAD, I CAN MAKE IT IN—
VRROOOM!
VRRUUUM!
HOLY TOLEDO... WHAT'S THAT?
SOME CRAZY CAT ASTRIDE A SOUPED-UP SPEED-IRON... AN' HE'S HEADIN' STRAIGHT FOR ME!

Next week: A near collision for the Kicktail Kid!

Hackett hands in his stripes!

TARGET
THE PRICELESS CERVANTEZ TAPESTRY—A NATIONAL ART TREASURE—HAS BEEN STOLEN. HACKETT BELIEVES IT IS IN THE RIO VERDE EMBASSY, IN LONDON. THEN, WHEN THE RIO VERDE AMBASSADOR IS APPARENTLY ASSASSINATED ON HIS OWN STEPS, HACKETT STAGGERS HIS BOSS, MR TATE, AT THE RESULTANT FOREIGN OFFICE CONFERENCE...
YOU'RE SAYING THAT THE AMBASSADOR IS ALIVE? THAT THE WHOLE KILLING WAS A FAKE...?
YEAH. A PERFECT PLAN TO GET THE TAPESTRY OUT OF THE COUNTRY!
EXPLAIN, YOUNG MAN!
CERTAINLY, SIR. A GUN WITH NO KICK. BLOOD THAT ONLY SHOWS UP AFTER THE HIT. MY COLLEAGUE SERGEANT COLBERT WAS AN EYE-WITNESS...
DIPLOMATIC PROCESS DICTATES THAT THEY CAN PUT THE AMBASSADOR IN A COFFIN AND FLY HIM HOME FOR BURIAL. I SUGGEST THE COFFIN WILL CONTAIN THE TAPESTRY...
INSTANT UPROAR!
STUFF AND NONSENSE!
THE MAN'S BEEN READING COMIC-STRIPS!
IF THE PRESS GOT TO HEAR OF THIS, THERE'D BE AN INTERNATIONAL OUTCRY!
04-10-11-78
YOU'RE SUSPENDED AS OF NOW, HACKETT. YOU'VE MADE A FOOL OF ME, D'YOU HEAR?
I TRUST MY INFORMERS, SIR! AND MY STAFF! YOU DO NEITHER...
CROOKS AND CRIMINALS! THE COUNTRY'S RELATIONS COME FIRST, AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT! THE FOREIGN OFFICE WILL MOVE TO ASSIGN A NEW DEPARTMENT TO THIS CASE!
ANYTHING YOU SAY, SIR.

TV Comic, with Target and TV Action, printed in Great Britain by Southernprint Ltd., Branksome, Poole, Dorset. Tel: 0202 767676. Published for the proprietors by Polystyle Publications Ltd., Polly Perkins House, Paddington Green, 382-386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP. Trade Distributors Argus Distribution Ltd., 12/18 Paul Street, London EC2A 4...
© Polystyle Publications Ltd 1978.
© 1978 Licensed by BBC Enterprises.

THE NEAREST PUB..
YOU DIDN'T HALF STICK YOUR NECK OUT!
I'VE GOT NECK AND TO SPARE. I KNOW I'M RIGHT, BONNEY!
YOU'LL BE ABLE TO TELL THEM SO— ONCE THE TAPESTRY'S TURNED UP IN RIO VERDE AND NOBODY CAN DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!
IT WON'T GET THERE. I'M GOING TO PINCH IT BACK.
BONNEY! HE'S CRAZY! ONE SIP OF LAGER'S GONE TO HIS HEAD!
HE MEANS IT, LOVE!
SUSPENDED COP BECOMES ORDINARY STEVE HACKETT—A BURGLAR SUPREME! AND JUST-RESIGNED SERGEANT BONNEY IS GOIN' ALONG AS HIS MATE!
WELCOME TO THE TEAM! LOUISE? TURNING IN YOUR STRIPES, HONEY...?
BACK IN HIS OFFICE THAT NIGHT, TATE READS THE RESIGNATIONS WITH FURY!
CONFOUNDED IDIOTS! HACKETT'S PUT HIMSELF ON THE STREET FOR GOOD! HE WON'T EVEN GET A PRIVATE DETECTIVE LICENCE AFTER THIS... I'LL SEE TO THAT!
AND MEANWHILE, IN LONDON...
DOWN TO YOU, LOUISE. GET 'EM OCCUPIED AT THE FRONT DOOR.
WON'T BE HARD. THEY'VE SEEN ME BEFORE. BUT IF I GET CAUGHT IN THIS UNIFORM, I COULD GO TO PRISON FOR IMPERSONATING A POLICEWOMAN!
WE COULD ALL GO TO JAIL FOR THIS, CHIEF...
BUT WE WON'T YOU DO TRUST ME, BONNEY...?
04-10-11-78
LOUISE DOES HER BIT...
SENORITA...?
AH. YOU REMEMBER ME. I HAVE TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS. I KNOW I CAN'T COME IN UNLESS YOU INVITE ME...
AND AS SHE DIPLOMATICALLY 'FENCES' WITH THE OFFICIAL...
GOT IT! NOW WE CUMB! AND BONNEY—YOU'D BETTER HOPE AN' PRAY I WAS RIGHT, ALL ALONG!
HOW TRUE. I CAN ALMOST SEE US IN THE DOCK, AN' MR. TATE IN THE WITNESS BOX...

Next week: Hackett's new career . . . cat-burglar!

IT SO HAPPENED THAT A CHAP CALLED GUY FAWKES WAS PASSING BY, WHEN ...
EXCUSE ME, HAVE YOU GOT A MATCH?
SORRY-ONLY A LIGHTER!
WOULD YOU MIND LIGHTING A FUSE FOR ME? I'M TRYING TO BLOW UP PARLIAMENT!
CERTAINLY!
"GUY FAWKES WAS ABOUT TO LIGHT THE FUSE WHEN..."
LISTEN! THERE'S SOMEONE COMING!
IT'S THE GUARDS! I'M OFF!
"SO POOR OLD GUY FAWKES WAS CAPTURED."
HEH-HEH!...I CAN EXPLAIN...!
SO 'E WAS JUST AN INNOCENT PASSER-BY AND BANGER BRUSH GOT AWAY WITH IT?
THAT'S RIGHT!
THAT REMINDS ME! IT'S TIME WE LEFT FOR THE VILLAGE FIREWORK DISPLAY!
I WON'T ENJOY IT NOW, GUV! I KEEP THINKIN' OF POOR OLD GUY FAWKES!
OH, DEAR! CHUMMERS ALWAYS BELIEVES MY TALL STORIES!
AH! I SEE CHUMMERS IS ENJOYING HIMSELF AFTER ALL! YOU CAN ENJOY YOURSELVES TOO IF YOU FOLLOW THE SAFETY CODE!

THE FIREWORK CODE!

Fireworks should always be lit by a grown-up*** Follow the instructions carefully*** Read them by torchlight—never a naked flame*** Light end of fuse at arm's length*** Stand well back and never return to a firework once lit*** Never throw fireworks*** Never put fireworks in your pockets*** Keep pets indoors*** Always keep fireworks in a closed box.